

she has personalized other traditional favorites as well.  
someone, perhaps her grandmother, tried to teach  
her the "our father." her version goes, "our pooper,  
who art in poopland, hallowed by thy poop. they  
poopdom poop, they poop be pooped, on earth as it is  
in poopland."

surely hemingway would feel one-upped. surely the second  
pooping is at hand.

a fortune teller told us blake would be our greatest  
sorrow and our greatest joy. already, it is true.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, CA

### Image

She becomes the Blonde Beast,  
she puts the Blonde Beast  
ON,  
she's under the image of the  
Blonde Beast,  
men and women grrr at  
the Blonde Beast,  
but she's hiding inside,  
takes the Blonde Beast  
off every night and puts it  
in a drawer,  
when she sleeps identities  
float through her like  
alligators in sewers,  
when she wakes up she re-  
creates the Blonde Beast,  
watches people react to it,  
but stays way, way inside,  
like a single cookie in a  
big cookie jar.

### Utopia

I live in a race-tensionless  
town  
with pure air,  
low crime-rate,  
although there was a robbery  
last month and the robber  
kidnapped a sixteen year  
old blonde clerk and  
killed her ... found her body

in a swamp just outside of town  
five days after she'd been kidnapped --  
body decomposed ...  
come to think of it,  
wasn't more than fifty miles  
away where there were five  
murders last year, all coeds, raped,  
murdered, mutilated,  
and there's lots of  
cases of exhibitionism,  
guy'll stop his car,  
open the door and  
show his weaponry to a  
little girl or a coed.  
No coeds have been  
killed here, though ...  
but yesterday there was  
this girl who'd  
hitched a ride downtown,  
right in the middle of  
town, and the driver  
had pulled a gun on  
her and hit her,  
she pulled the  
steering wheel, ran him  
of the road.  
Predictions are varied  
about student activity  
this spring,  
from zero  
to levelling the  
whole damned  
town.

-- Hugh Fox

East Lansing, MI

### Barking At Thunder

Everything that is beautiful becomes  
Apparent,  
at that point where the boomerang  
stops before it turns back.

Everything stops, expectant, like dogs  
Barking  
at the sound of thunder, before  
lightning rips silently in the darkness.

Everyone notices those times during the  
Day,  
when all thought stops, before the  
faucet of the past pours down solitude.